ALL FOR CHRISTMAS.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME-MADE GIFTS.

The Ever Recurring Problem, What to Give a Man, Solved by a Woman With Clever Fingers—An Oriental Tobacco Pouch. Convenient Medicine Case For Traveling.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—That the new only means the old, or at least the familiar, in a fresh guise is never more sure to be recognized than when searching for gifts with which to greet the merry Christmastide. Year by year we start out to find something fresh only to learn that novelties are few, that good things must suffice, and that fresh applications of already known materials are all we can hope to find, while that, if among all the display there are a few objects never before seen, there is cause for congratulation and rejoicing.

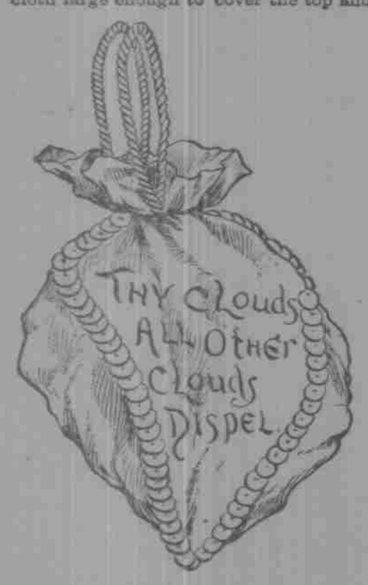
A Tobacco Pouch.

The very first question that is apt to beset a woman's mind is what to make for a man. A gift to be really acceptable must combine use with beauty. Therefore, if he smokes, let it be a pouch. He may prefer a box of his own choosing and look upon your offering with kindly condescension in his heart. But nevertheless it will win its way. It speaks of the beloved pipe. It tells of your connivance with his joy. It carries a message of good will and fellowship when many more elaborate objects fail.

To make it, cut three long triangular pieces of tan colored suede, with slightly curved sides, and on one embroider the quotation with fine gold thread. Then seam all three together and outline each seam with tiny overlapping spangles. Line with oil silk and face with silk, running gold cords through the casing. The pouch is really oriental in its effect, and it is quite easy and simple to make.

If your friend is not a smoker, the difficulty is increased.

If he is elderly or luxurious, decide upon an embroidered hassock. Select some good sturdy broadcloth of a rich dark green shade. Then stuff a good sized circular foundation with hair or with excelsior and cut one piece of the cloth large enough to cover the top and



TOBACCO POUCH.

a second into a strip wide enough to form the edge. On the top either draw or have stamped some big telling pattern, which embroider with crewels in shades of deep warm indian red and olive green. Press the work with care and stretch the cloth over the top, sewing it fast in place with long stitches taken through and through with an upholsterer's needle and fine ball cord. Turn the stool over and cover the bottom with heavy silesia, again letting the edge extend over that of the stool, and stretch the band round, so as to make all neat. Select some suitable buttons, and by means of them decorate the rim and make it secure. Thread them, and sew from side to side with a long needle, which can be bought at the nearest hardware shop. The stool when finished is really handsome and serviceable, in addition to being, in truth, the product of the giver's hands.

A Pretty Matchsafe.

A matchsafe that is really very pretty can be embroidered or painted, as preferred. The model is made of gold colored satin, painted in browns, but it might equally well be decorated in any other suitable manner. The front is for ornament alone. The receptacle is attached at the back.

First cut a disk of stiff cardboard from 6 to 6½ inches in diameter, then a bit of fine linen or silk large enough to cover it, and in this make all the decoration. White linen painted in the blue of real Delft ware and after some of the quaint Dutch scenes, is excellent, or colored linen embroidered in white silk is good. Whatever is selected, the process is the same. Cover the disk neatly and paste the edges of the cloth firmly upon the underside. Then cut a circular piece of sandpaper the exact size and paste it fast as a covering for the underside and a convenient spot on which to scratch the match. Cut strips of the sandpaper of a size to make a small box when glued together and paste that in the center of the back. Attach ribbons at either side, which finish with ample bows, and fill the box with matches.

A buttonhook box made of fine old red linen is a pretty gift. For its foundation cut all the necessary pieces of stiff cardboard and make the proportions long and narrow, as befits a hook. Cut a piece of linen and a piece of white india silk for each part and even it neatly with the silk as lining and a layer of perfumed wadding between it and the braid. On the top paint the lettering with water color gold and the buttons with bronze of differing tones.

On buttons I'm bent, and, though only a crook,
For buttons I'm willing to serve as a hook.

On the sides place the conventional design in gold and bronze. When all the parts are ready, overhand the bottom and sides neatly and firmly together and the back along one side, or, better still, catch the latter firmly at each corner and in the center.

Something Useful.

The medicine chest as given here is of red chamois skin on the outside and linen in the inside. To make one like it cut a piece of each of the two mate-

MEDICINE CASE.

rials in the shape shown, but large enough to allow of using four of the ordinary square druggists' bottles about three ounce size. Lay the two pieces together and baste into each of the four sides a pocket of the linen; then bind all the edges firmly with red silk braid. Select strong red silk elastic an inch wide and make with it the cases for the bottles by sewing it firmly to the linen at the proper places. If the decoration is painted, dip the brush in black and write the words court plaster, lint, powder, one on each of the three pockets, and outline the lettering with a line of gold. Leave the fourth pocket unmarked for anything the owner may choose. On the outside of the case use any decoration and sew strings of the silk braid firmly one at each end.

CLARE BUNCE.

A WESTERN POKER STORY.

Four One Spots Held by a Gawky Stranger In a Game In Nevada.

[Special Correspondence.]

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 13.—It was yet an hour before the train was due here today when, having read the last page of the latest magazine and extracted all the news from the morning paper, I strolled into the smoking car in search of amusement. There I found a typical westerner of the earlier days regaling another with a story and sat down behind the pair and listened.

"Waal, as I was saying," the speaker continued, "the wust sold lot of gams I ever knowed was out in Eureka, White Pine county, Nev., some four or five years ago. Eureka was a lively mining camp them days, and of course there was a poker game running wide open in the one big saloon there. I had some business out there that year that kept me in Eureka for four or five days, and when I hadn't anything else to do I useter watch the game. Sometimes it was real amusing.

"One day in particular they was a stiff game on, and a tall sort of feller, wearing a biled shirt and a long coat and a stovepipe hat, come in. He was so tall and thin he was just natchally gawky, and he had a chin beard that made him look worse than he would of looked without it. He stood around awhile, with his hands in his coattails, and finally the boss, who was playing in the game, sung out:

"'Say, you, dontcher wanter play a little?'

"'Waal, prehaps I do,' says the feller. 'What's the limit?'

"'There ain't no limit,' says the gambler.

"'How much are your chips?' says gawky.

"'Twenty-five cents,' the gambler replies.

"'Waal,' says the stranger, 'lemme have a hundred dollars' worth.'

"Waal, they give the feller the chips, and he stacked 'em up in front of him very slow and deliberatelike. Then I noticed that his hands was thin and his fingers was long—just right for poker. He pulled a big roll out of his pants pocket, and the fun began. Pretty soon that roll was gone, and then he took one from his hip pocket and then one from his inside coat pocket, and every one of them was as big as your arm muscle. He seemed to have no end of money. Bimeby he began to win his rolls back, and then the other fellers' money began to give out, and then they all dropped out but one. Then the fellers that had dropped out looked at their friend's hand and put up their rolls till they was all gone, which wasn't long, for the raises was sometimes $250 a clip. Then the money drawer of the bank was cleaned out, and then gawky leaned back and pulled his chin whisker with one hand and said to his opponent, real slow and easylike:

"'What have you got?'

"'I've got a full house,' replied the gambler sarcastically, then, imitating the stranger, asked, 'What have you got, you orkard, ministerial looking son of a greenhorn, may I ask?'

"'I have four one spots,' said gawky, grinning, while his long fingers reached out toward the pile a little mite. 'Might they be good?'

"Say, I never saw a feller broke up like that gambler was as he shoved over the money. We all felt sorry for him, especially when we found out that gawky was a Mississippi river steamboat gambler and stood away up in the business. He cleaned out a lot of camps later that same year, and he done it always in the same way—by having rolls enough and big enough to outlast everybody else in the game. Say, he was a corker, that feller. He told me in Salt Lake afterward that he made a good deal more money out of the miners the year he went out to Eureka than he ever did anywhere before in the same time. But he never hit the Eureka fellers again. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

C. C. DUNROW.

SO HARD TO PLEASE.

And They Both Agree That Men Are Simply Horrid.

"Men are so hard to please," sighed the young woman with the huge muff.

"They are, indeed," groaned the girl with the big bunch of violets. "How do I know? Walter Penandink used to praise my playing so much that it set me to practicing harder than ever, yet that very thing ended in breaking off our friendship."

"But how?"

"There was a boarding house next door to us. He came there to live while he wrote his new book. My piano was on one side of that party wall. His desk was on the other. That is all!"

"And still the industry of the bee is held up to admiration. But all men are just as bad. There's not a bit of logic in them. Now, Howard used to praise my elegant toilets before we were married, and yet when my dressmaker's bill comes in he uses such language that I have to remove my parrot from the room."

"Humph, and they actually talk as if we were illogical!"

"They do. But what worries me most is the fact that Howard will smoke in the house."

"But you probably told him before you were married that you liked smoke."

"What if I did? He might have known that I only meant in rooms where the carpets and curtains were not my own."

"So he might."

"But that is really nothing to the time Lucy is having."

"I didn't know that a woman who had diamonds like hers would know what trouble is."

"My dear, her diamonds have given her insomnia already."

"I don't see how."

"She can't sleep if she has them all in the house for fear of burglars, and she can't sleep if they are in the bank, lest the cashier absconds with them."

"Poor thing! Still she can enjoy them all day."

"Very true. But about her troubles. Maurice is always complaining of and poking fun at her big sleeves, so she took advantage of the fact to have her new ball dress made with no sleeves at all."

"Quite logical, I'm sure."

"Wasn't it? She was to help Mrs. Swellstyle receive the other evening, and she only kept her husband waiting three-quarters of an hour, so he would not have time to get cross. Then she came down in her new gown."

"Well, was he pleased?"

"He was not. He sent her up stairs to put on a gown with sleeves in it. They got to the reception in time to see the last of the guests say good night."

"Well, he is hard to please. You've heard of Edith's accident, haven't you?"

"Mercy, no! What was it?"

"Why, her husband pretends to know so much about dress that she depends on him to tell her if her toilet is all right. It flatters his vanity and saves her lots of trouble too."

"A very nice arrangement."

"Yes. Now Edith has taken to wearing one of the new chignons."

"I wish I could, but hair is so cruelly expensive."

"Yes. Well, she had to dress in great haste for a big dinner party the other day. The husband said he would advise her to place her flowers a little to the left; otherwise she was perfect."

"Well, wasn't she?"

"Not quite. During the game course that horrid Mrs. Flaxen leaned over and whispered that she had forgotten to pin on her chignon."

"Good gracious!"

"And there Edith had to sit through six courses with her own hair done up in a knot the size of a biscuit at the back of her head and her lovely new chignon lying on the dressing table at home."

"And after her husband had sworn to love and protect her!"

"Yes, and she couldn't make him understand the enormity of his offense. He seemed to think it was a joke and said it was all her own fault anyhow."

"How utterly unreasonable! Well, if he keeps going on in that way, there will just be a divorce in that family some day, that's all."—Chicago Tribune.

Puffing on the Cheap.

Abraham, the wine merchant, called at the advertising office of a leading paper and inquired if the big advertisement of Traubel, the liquor merchant, which that day figured in the columns of the said paper, was going to appear again.

"Oh, yes!" unthinkingly replied the clerk. "It has to be kept in for a month."

"In that case," said Abraham, "will you please insert immediately below it the following announcement: Abraham Isaac Jacob, wine and liquor merchant, supplies all the wines named in the above advertisement 10 per cent cheaper?"—Gaulois.

How the Plans Are Made.

"What are you doing?" inquired Hammerfest as he saw his friend tip a dry goods box on end and proceed to make a sketch of it.

"Attending to business," replied his friend, the architect. "I'm engaged in making a design for a new modern office building."—Chicago Record.

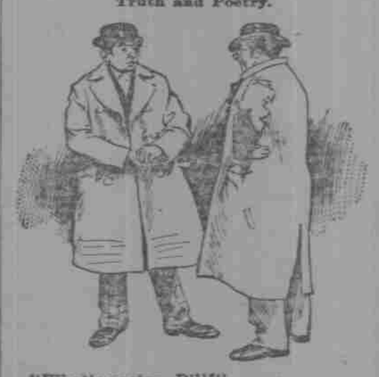
Still Worse.

Winkle—The doctor told me if I wanted to cure writer's cramp I must stop using a pen and dictate to a typewriter, but I don't know that I'm much better off.

Nodd—Why not?

Winkle—I've got a pain in both arms now.—New York Herald.

Truth and Poetry.



"What's poetry, Bill?"

"Why, poetry's rhyme, o' course. If I were to say, I Bill Lister, kissed your sister,' that'ud be poetry."

"Oh, I see. I Jack Brown, kissed your missus.'

"No, that don't rhyme. That isn't poetry."

"No, but it's true, old man."—Sketch.

AN OLD MAID'S VIEW.

KATE SANBORN ON THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF CHRISTMAS.

She Says It Should Be Exclusively a Children's Day—The Ideal Found In the Home Gathering—What an Old Bachelor Confessed.

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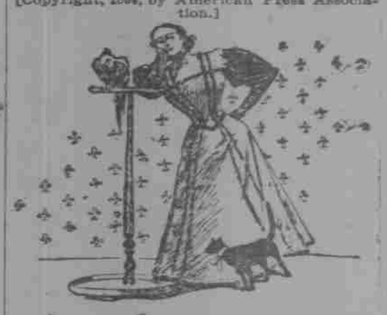


YES, for decades, centuries, eons, there has been but one authorized, stereotyped, fatiguingly uniform view of this annual festival—at least as given to us conscientiously, and with unflagging voluminosity by the universal public press—the editorials, the long, inevitable historical articles, the cheerful, moralizing appeals for general charity and good deeds, the last usually from a woman's pen, are exactly like those ground out in '84, '74, '64, '54, '44, and so on ad infinitum and ad nauseam. The lay sermons at the end of all magazines agree with these entirely in information vouchsafed, in mellow reminiscences, in rather patronizing greetings to their large clientelle. Encyclopedias are searched, the same old bits from favorite carols given. Carols are kindly explained. The "boar's head" they all bring in at last associated in a general way with the brain that so bores me that I sympathize just a little with that old tyrant, Caligula, who "wished the Roman people had but one neck that he might cut it off at a blow."

"Gallinbursti" was the name of the old original bore, not boar. Let us push him once for all "down the back entry of time" and have a little rest.

I do not believe that these facts, many of them doubtful; these quotations; these gentle lessons, so many, many times exhumed and reprinted, are even read through by any one. Why feel obliged to follow on in the same old path? I am going to dare to give another side of the subject, one that will find an answering echo in many an honest heart, for after one has arrived at middle age he or she, married or unmarried, finds the recurrence of Thanksgiving and Christmas rather sad occasions, when one must try to push away the past, shut the eyes to the dear dead faces that come up so vividly, forget oneself in making the time pass pleasantly for those whose lives are still unsullied by sin or sorrow or bitter disillusions and try to give the children as good a time as possible.

Christmas should be exclusively a children's day. Let us give it to them, who can find glowing delight in transparent myths, a few toys and bags of popcorn and bright colored sugar plums. For us grownups it has degenerated into a laborious farce that to some is approaching the tragic. Presents must be exchanged through the entire family circle, relatives expect remembrances, and especially intimate friends, not forgetting a set of claimants who only send you greeting and a cheap card, but carefully estimate the cash value of your enforced remembrance and treat you accordingly. The rich waste thousands in endeavoring to excel each other in needless trinkets, bric-a-brac, bonbons, superfluous gems, luxurious nothings, big dinners, costly wines, illustrating that text so true, yet so difficult to explain, to those less fortunate, "To him that hath shall be given," or, in everyday parlance, "The Lord gives apples to those who have no teeth." It is with such simply "a quid pro quo," and there is very little honest merriment in the system.

In big, blessed, unbroken, congenial families the ideal Christmas is often realized, where the boys and girls return with families of their own, never forgetting the old people, return loaded with gifts and goodies, and bringing the lively music of happy, satisfied hearts. But to the starved out, the repressed, who make a brave pretense of being at peace and gladsome, it is a hard part to play. In stories written expressly for such people the old lover returns faithful and fond; the generous old bachelor carries away captive the youngest, prettiest maiden of the lot. Alas! in real life the young flirt captivates the aunt's most devoted standby and laughs at the ancient bachelor who tries to be gallant.

One old bachelor confessed to me last year that he was so forlorn at the glad Yuletide that he wished he could be made unconscious until it was over. He longed to skip it and escape from its depressing horrors. As he must live right through it, however dismal the experience, he would always take the cars for a long trip, or even cross the ocean, armed with a lot of exciting novels to drive away sad thoughts. He was a fine looking, prosperous, popular fellow, and I know his generosity to others to have been unbounded. He made Christmas a day of feasting and junketing to many. All that does not cure the aching old heart.

Throw off the conventional shackles and don't try to be so terribly, so unnaturally, jovial yourself, and soon the smiles on the dear faces, as yet free from lines of care and sorrow, will be reflected way down in each lonely heart. Then we shall not have to say, with Longfellow, "How inexpressibly sad are all holidays!" KATE SANBORN.

It is estimated that New York spends $1,500,000 for its Christmas candies.

OLD DAYS AND THE NEW.

Vancouver Island as It Was and as It Is. Life In Victoria.

[Special Correspondence.]

VICTORIA, Dec. 8.—In the old days people took life very easily here in Victoria. They opened their shops late in the morning and closed them up early in the afternoon. Over their dinners they lingered long. They smoked to soothe themselves and talked calmly about nothing in particular. If there were not enough holidays in the year, they made more, so as to supply properly their strong demand for rest. Food was very cheap and easy to get, and labor commanded a high price. The Siwash Indians sold the game they killed to the white man for next to nothing. It cost less for a deer bought from them than it would to buy enough powder and shot to kill it. Salmon, if possible, was still cheaper and easier to get. This state of affairs was, to be sure, favorable to the inhabitants for their commanding of that good and sufficient amount of leisure which poets, philosophers and other men of a brainy caliber say is so necessary for man's happiness.

But this restful state of affairs existed only in the old days. In the new days—the present days—things are altogether different. The hurry up spirit of the nearby, busy United States has crept, or rather rushed, into the town. Everybody is hustling. Men are plenty, and labor is cheap. The shops open early and close late. The people forget to linger, and they have stopped studding the year with holidays. The men who still have a yearning for plenty of leisure have been forced to leave town and go up into the northern part of the island. There they live with the Siwashes and do nothing but fish a little, hunt a little and laze and smoke to their heart's content.

Victoria is the finest town in all British Columbia. About 13,000 people live in it. The hurry up and rush around spirit has resulted in the giving to it of beautifully paved, elegant highways and drives. The better the roads the swifter the rush evidently became the motto of the people after they had arrived at the conclusion that it was necessary for their well being and happiness to try their level best to get 25 hours' time out of the 24.

Also there are many fine buildings and a public park. In the center of the park stands a mound, called Beacon hill. Why it is called Beacon hill is a problem the solving of which may lie in the assertion that the Victorians wished to pay a compliment to Boston, that town which is so conducive to the full development of the human intellect.

The Chinese are well represented here. They seem to have arrived at the conclusion that there are flowerier places even than the Flowery Land, and that this is one of them. They wash clothes, cook, do laboring work, walk sedately about, and, above all, look unpicturesque. If ever prosaicism was embodied, these people embody it. In San Francisco themselves and their quarters are in a way picturesque, but here they are, to say the most, an unstartling and uninteresting lot. The Victorians are always grumbling about them. They assert that when they come to a country they carry hard times on their backs. This is true, because the white capitalist uses them as a means whereby he can starve to death his white brother. In the long winded, bitter discussions concerning them, however, one never hears anything of this fact. Neither does he hear anything about the fact that gold greedy white men smuggle them across frontiers and through harbors in defiance of their own laws and exclusion acts.

Some ten years ago, toward the close of the restful epoch, so to speak, Victoria was a rather trying place to live in. Just then it was the rendezvous of outlaws, of color adventurers and other kindred gentry who had departed in haste from different parts of the world for the good of their health. The gold find in Similkameen, B. C., attracted them, and Victoria was their stopping off place. They were always raising rows and ructions, maiming and killing each other and breaking the peace generally. They had little time for work and plenty time for fighting. As soon as they had made a stake at the placer mines they would come in and spend it and incidentally call the town to witness that they were spending it. They would have been a charming and desirable acquisition to the regular population—in the sense of affording an element of excitement to offset and balance its easiness of peace and manner—if they had exterminated only each other, but now and then they turned their attention to the old time inhabitants, and the result was that they were suppressed vigorously and effectually. They found to their cost that the old timers knew a thing or two more about fighting than they did.

Of late many fine buildings have been put up in Victoria. The courthouse is especially notable, and yesterday morning I puzzled my wits for quite a time trying to think of the style of architecture its designer had followed. At last I dismissed the problem by concluding that the architect had been thinking of a Chinese pagoda, a Grecian temple and something else—I couldn't guess what—at one and the same time. It may have been that the sight of the many Chinese here had affected his imagination to such an extent that he unconsciously swerved in a Celestial direction from the Caucasian ideals of the building art. Be that as it may, however, the courthouse has a fine, imposing effect.

G. W. CLARK.

The Tiger Slaying Championship.

At Singapore the post of "tiger slayer in chief for the Straits Settlement" has just been given to M. de Nancouot, a Frenchman with a record of 500 tigers killed. Major General Probyn, his competitor, had slain only 400. The island has always been infested by tigers, which are said at time to swim across the strait from the mainland.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Young Naval Officer.

Princes of the house of Hohenzollern assume their duties in life very early. On their tenth birthday they receive their commission in the army, and so last July the third son of the German emperor and empress, Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Berengar Victor, received the usual family honors, but as two of his elder brothers, the crown prince and

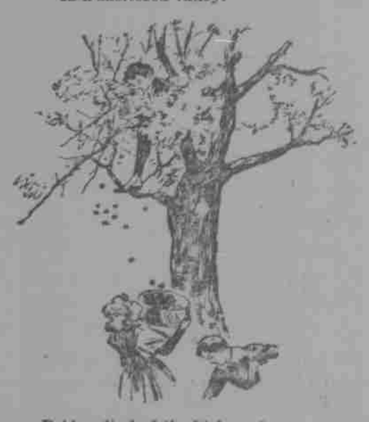
Prince Eitel-Frederic, were in the army already little Prince Adalbert was destined for the sister service, the navy, and a few weeks later the emperor took his small son down to Kiel to formally enter him as a sailor. Prince Adalbert is perhaps the finest looking of the six imperial brothers and is certainly the most mischievous. He is always up to some prank with Eitel-Frederic, the two being regular comrades in fun, very unlike the sedate young crown prince, who too often seems overpowered with the prospects of his future responsibilities.

An Optical Illusion.

Take two similar white cards, and in the center of one cut a round hole having about the diameter of a lead pencil. Now place this card over the other, and with the point of a pencil make a round dark spot on the under card of the same size as the hole in the upper. Place the card with the spot about 12 inches from you on the table, resting it against a glass to keep it upright. Now take the card with the hole in it in both hands, and resting the elbows on the table close the right eye and look steadily at the dark spot through the hole for half a minute. Now, with both eyes open, continue to look steadily at the dark spot through the hole in the card, and you will be surprised to see two holes appear, through either of which, by moving the card from right to left, you can see the dark spot. It sometimes happens that persons, after looking at the spot in the manner described with both eyes and then shutting the left eye, can still see the spot, but not if the right eye is closed, a fact which proves that there are right and left eyed as well as right and left handed people. As a general rule, right handed people are right eyed, and left handed people left eyed.—Exchange.

Nutting.

Down the orchard road they ran,
Bob and Will and Sallie,
Where the nut trees stood in groups
In a sheltered valley.



Bobby climbed the hickory trees,
Shook the nuts down under
Will and Sallie stood and laughed,
Open eyed with wonder.

Baskets, pails, were quickly filled
In overflowing measure.
Home they trotted, tired out,
But laden down with treasure.

Why It Is.

You know, of course, that trolley cars get the electricity by means of which they run from an overhead wire, through which a strong current is always passing. That current is powerful enough to kill a man instantly, and yet we see the linemen on their elevated wooden platform handling the wire with ungloved hands. Why is it that they do not receive a shock?

We were talking to one of the men the other day about this, and he told us that so long as the linemen stood on their platform, which, you know, is built up from the bed of a wagon, they would be safe from a shock, but that if they handled a "live" wire while they were touching the ground the result would be fatal. In other words, their platform insulates them and prevents the making of a circuit through their body.

He said, moreover, that the platform, to insure the safety of the men, should be perfectly dry. If wet, it would probably make a complete circuit, and the men would get the shock.—Philadelphia Times.

Merry Jack Frost.

Jack Frost made a picture fair and bright.
There were castles and towers dazzling white,
And people and trees as plain as plain,
All spread on the nursery window pane.

Jack Frost stood by and laughed to see
How the children clapped their hands in glee,
And he cried, "Yes, look at it while you may,
Lest it should not be here another day."